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1911











PENILLION



Harold & men Jones



F.EMERY-JONES



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TO HIS MOTHER

"His life was gentle and the elements

So mix't in him that nature might stand up,

And say to all the world, 'This is a man!'"

—Shakespeare.

"His Poems Are the Mirror of the Man."

Penillion is the beautiful tribute which in loneliness and sadness has been culled and collaborated by the author's wife—a tribute as full of fragrance as the life whose memory it seeks to perpetuate was full of goodness and love and truth.

That it has been my privilege to introduce this little volume is enforced no more by love than by the conviction I have that, so far as I may contribute to the wider reading of the following pages, I shall be conferring a real benefit on the minds influenced, and through them upon society at large. If I may lead men to see more of that goodness, sweetness and gentleness that made up the life of this man, I shall the more bless the memory that has survived.

The poems are but stray jottings from the author's pen, intended for no eye but that of the writer.

We are led through his soul's doubts and fears, questionings and disquietudes, longings and hopes, and at last emerge firm in the repose of faith—the sunlight of infinite love.

In a word, in these poems is portrayed the history of the author's inner life.

It has been beautifully said of him "that he supported the heart of every man who confided in him, with encouragement and affection, and filled to overflowing the cup of cold waterfor the little ones."

> "Of manners gentle, of appearance mild, In wit a man, simplicity a child."

> > A. A. T.



HAROLD EMERY-JONES

(Born July 28th, 1875—Died May 12th, 1909.)

Dr. H. Emery-Jones was born in North Wales. He was a son of Garmonydd, a distinguished scientist and man of letters. When but twelve years of age he wrote an ode for the Prince of Wales, which won a prize.

He attended the University of Edinburgh, where he won three medals for excellence in medical studies before he was twenty-four. Later he was medical assistant to Sir Medwyn Hughes, Mayor of Ruthin, and physician for Lady Cornwallis-West and many of the royal personages at Ruthin Castle.

Ten years ago he came to the United States and was connected with the sanitarium at Las Vegas, New Mexico.

In 1901 Dr. Jones married Edna Marion Barnes, daughter of Dr. Samuel Mathers Barnes.

Dr. Jones possessed a beautiful tenor voice and was a poet of distinction; his productions attracted attention in this country and Europe.

An indescribable sweetness, freshness and youthful manliness about his poetry irresistibly reminds one of the works of Keats, whom Dr. Jones so passionately loved. Literary critics, privileged to read his poems in manuscript, have unanimously compared them with those of the youthful English bard. And when one becomes familiar with Dr. Jones' childhood experiences, his boyhood adoration and study of Keats' word-music, his love of nature and nature's hidden beauties, his retracing of the life of Keats in Italy, and his passing from this life at the same age at which Keats passed into the immortal, one can almost be led

to believe that the sweet, pure soul of Keats has again been with us.

His poem, "The Pen Is Mightier Than the Sword," was set to music by B. Margaret Hoberg. Besides his many other songs and poems, Dr. Jones composed "The American Girl," dedicated to his wife; "The Thanksgiving Hymn of the Republic," dedicated by permission to the late Mrs. William McKinley; and "The Cowboy and the Dude," dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt. The "Song of Peace" and "The Thanksgiving Hymn" are enrolled as National Songs by the Congressional Library at Washington.

From 1906 Dr. and Mrs. Jones resided in New York City—the doctor being engaged in literary work. Here his death occurred, he being but thirty-four years of age.

C. E. H.

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THE HEART OF MY BOY

Light as the thistle-down kissed by the breeze, Blithe as the song-bird up in the trees, Thoughtless and artless, brimful of joy, Careless and fearless—the heart of my boy.

Bright as the sunshine which laughs on the hills, Gay as the silver-shod scampering rills, Thoughtless and artless, brimful of joy, Careless and fearless—the heart of my boy.

Soft as the kiss of the zephyrs of spring, Sweet as the notes of the skylark a-wing, Thoughtless and artless, brimful of joy, Careless and fearless—the heart of my boy.

As pure as the Lily, as wild as the Rose, Clinging to Mother like Ivy that grows, Thoughtless and artless, brimful of joy, Careless and fearless—the heart of my boy.



DEPILLION

Hark! to the deep sea crooning a lullaby to earth, Hark! to the wide sea laughing in merriment and mirth,

It's a calm sea, a smooth sea, and the phantom ships fly by,

Their silver wings a-shimmer with the sunshine of the sky;

The sea is this life with its sunshine and calm,

The phantom ships—Memories—life's healing balm.

Hark! to the wild seas sobbing a requiem to the shore,

Hark! to the billows bellowing, hark! to the tempest's roar,

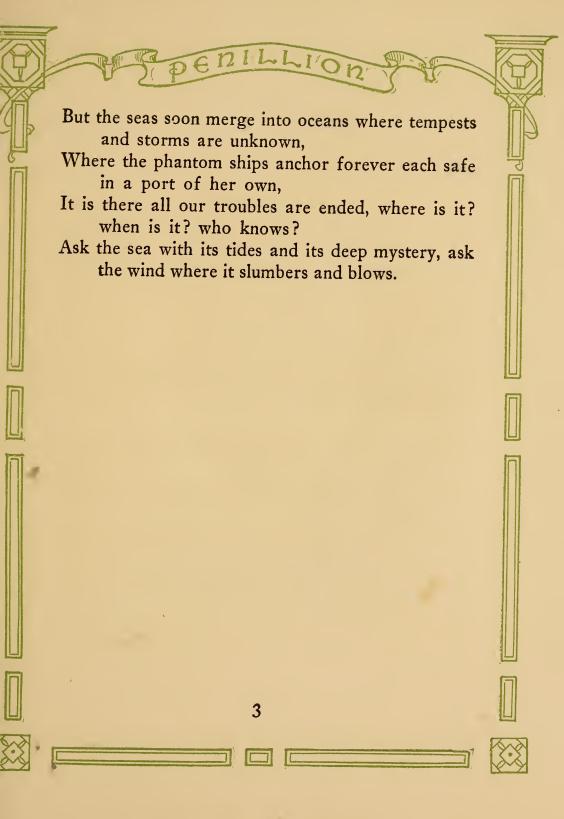
It's a sad sea, a mad sea, and the helpless phantom ship,

With her broken wings a-fluttering is lashed by the storm-fiend's whip;

The sea is this life with its turmoil and strife,

The phantom ship, Memory, the sweet-bitter of life.







LOVE'S MAGIC

I burnish the wings of the morning,
I crimson the dull cheeks of eve,
The dark dusky robes of the night-time,
With bright starry jewels I weave.
I kiss the most modest of flowers,
And it blooms in its gorgeous array,
It steals from my sweet breath its perfume,
And scatters it over Life's way.

I heal up the dull wounds of sorrow,
And dry bitter tears of despair,
I take out the dread sting of dying,
And change all things foul into fair.
I make of Life's lone weary pathway
A blossoming garden of God,
With flowers and sweet songsters singing
Along the sweet way I have trod.

THE WORKERS

nilLLion

Men of luxury and fashion,
With your soft glove-covered hands;
Slaves to vice and serfs to passion—
Paying fully sin's demands,
What know ye of toil and toiling?
With your stunted, tainted growth,
'Shamed your hands with work of soiling,
Proud of staining them with sloth.

Maids of revelry and pleasure,
With your powdered, painted cheeks,
Life by fêtes and balls you measure,
Bounded by your narrow cliques,
What know ye of home and striving?
What wot ye of mothers' tears?
All your lives but long contriving,
How to cheat the gathering years.

Men of heart and brawny muscle,
Health imprinted on your face,
Strengthened for the weary tussle,
In life's long uncertain race;
Though your hands be rough and horny,
Though your backs be bowed and bent,
Though the way be rough and thorny,
You are workers! Be content!

WHAT SEEK 1?

What seek I?

DENILLION

Is it wealth untold,
A listless life of idleness and ease?
God help one if the heart pant after gold,
As one's wealth increases often virtues cease;
Wealth! what is wealth without a peaceful mind,
It's just as music to the deaf, and color to the blind—
Oh! for wealth I'd never seek nor ever wish to find.

What seek I?

Is it endless fame,
A gaudy crown of laurels ever green,
An empty title or high-sounding name?
I know not—neither care I—what these mean,
Let mighty minds thirst after this renown;
I—in a humble cot—content will lay me down,
For poor I—am seeking neither name nor crown.

What seek I?

Just a smile of love,
A gentle word to cheer one on life's way,
A heart which—with one's being interwoven,
Beats with it always, both by night and day;
O! give me these things—gold can never buy,
These, like immortal souls, will neither fade nor die,
Let man take all but these, for only these seek I.

KISSES

SEPILLIO

There's the saucy kiss of the gay coquette, Mere servant of the lips,

A thoughtless gift which we soon forget,

A loveless thing which we may regret, And which soon from our memory slips.

There's the social kiss—one of Judas's breed—So cold and insincere,

A kiss that is fêted and dinnered and tea'd,

A kiss to which—we pay no heed, A kiss with a social leer.

There's the heart-born kiss of the lovers twain,
With its cruel throb of life,
And its love-burnt scar will forever remain
The thrill of its joy and its tingle of pain,
A kiss with the sting of life.

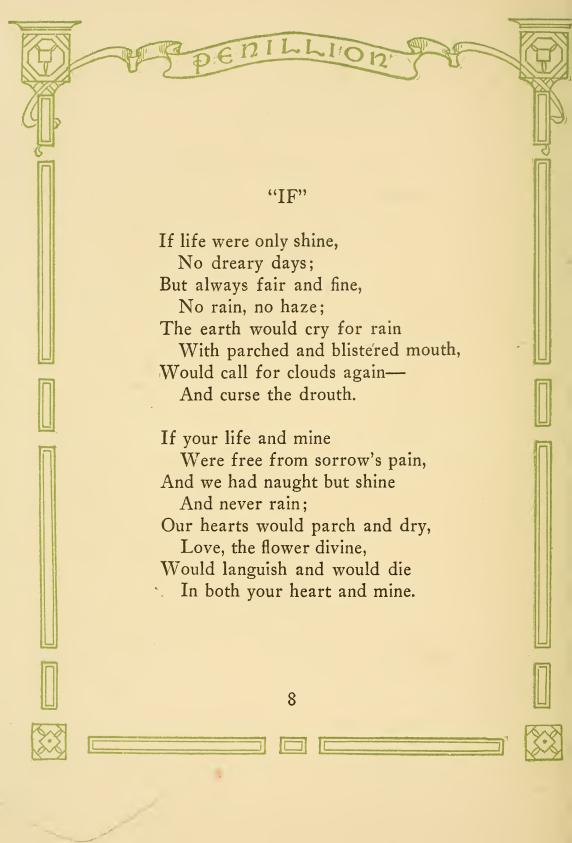
There's the mother's kiss with its laugh and its weep,

Born of a mother's soul,

The kiss which croons the children to sleep,

It is God's own seal stamped clear and deep

Upon its sacred scroll.



THE VICTORY OF LOVE

DILLIO

A boundless arid desert, stretching far as eye can span;

Sand—naught but sand, the burning sun o'erhead, While panting, tongue protruding, mouth agape, near dead,

I fall upon the scorching sand—a dooméd man,
But where I fall a tiny flower upsprings,
Its perfume spurs me on to greater things;
I rise! Oh, what care I for the blazing sun above,
For tight clasped in my hand there blooms the
flower of Love.

What matter thirst! What matters hunger's pain? The flower makes a garden of the desert waste. I gather courage, strength, move on again, And right ahead the verdant green appears in space. Oh! is it a mirage? Love's cruel, careless way; To raise false hopes, and lead a soul astray? No! On! a babbling spring makes music at my feet,

I bend and drink, and see Love's face reflected in the water sweet.

PENILLION

The pain and suffering past—I rise,

Love standing by my side,

A maid, that blushing like a modest virgin bride,

Presses her warm red lips to mine, with bright voluptuous eyes,

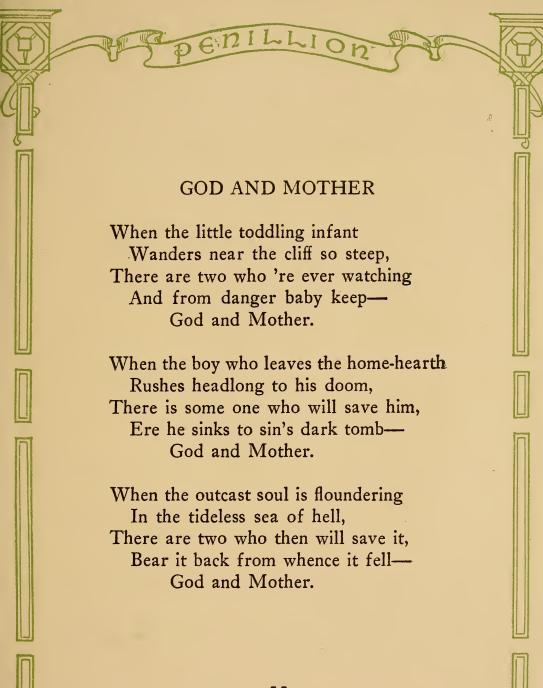
The shifting, blinding sand, the stony stillness and the torrid heat,

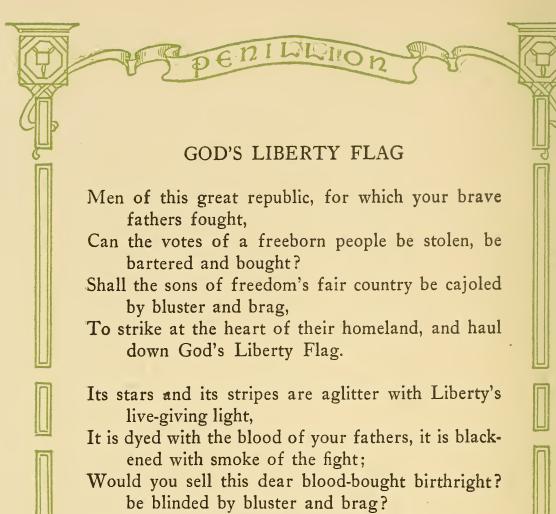
Is but a dreadful dream—birds sing, and flowers bend to kiss our feet.

The leafy verdant trees throw shadows o'er the land,

And Love and I trip forward gaily—hand in hand.



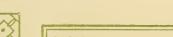




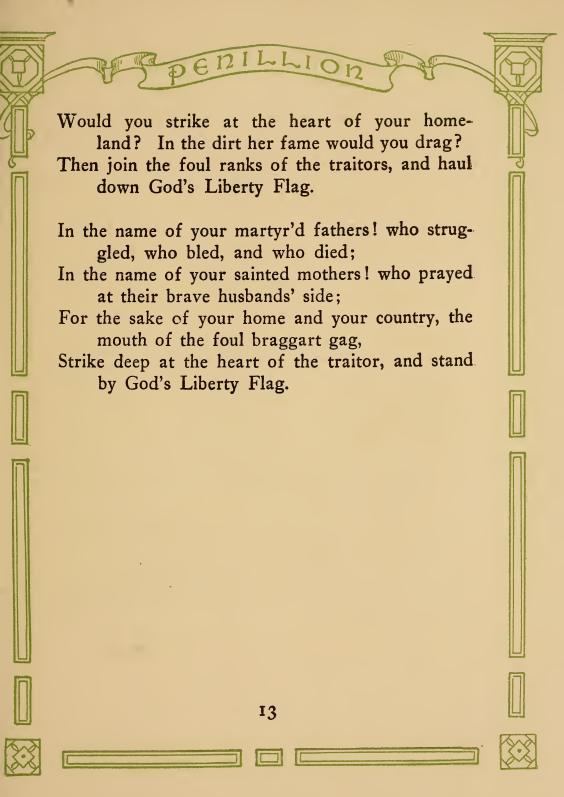
Then strike at the heart of your homeland, and haul down God's Liberty Flag.

Wherever its stars are all gleaming, wherever its bars are aflame.

Emblazoned on high with the quivering sky, is freedom and Liberty's name;







THE SHIPWRECK

ENILLION

The crash of timbers and the rasp of rock,
The stricken ship—a plaything of the gales
Lies helpless, while the cruel waters mock—
With swaying, cracking masts and flapping sails.

The shrieking storm,—the grinning, jagged crags Tear at the sea-tossed, death-doomed battered ship,

The mocking tongue of death in frenzy wags, Beneath the ghostly, ghastly fleshless lip.

The swirling, curling breakers, with their mouths of white,

Fasten their long-fanged teeth upon the death-doomed wreck,

And drag her slowly down to lasting night, Where weeds, with tangled fingers, fasten on her deck.



MASKED FACES

nillion

A smiling face may mask a breaking heart, A friendly word may hide hate's poisoned dart; Life is a ball—where dancers masked—parade, Where woman acts the man, and man the maid.

The dreamy waltz is danced with partner masked, And lo!—one's confidences flow unasked; But when the mask from off the face is torn, The hate of years but strangles love new-born.

Life is a ball—the world the ball-room bright—Wherein one treads the music of the night;
The glitter fades before the breaking morn,
And masks are from the pallid faces torn.

And then—but not before—each one will see
Their partners as they are—love—enmity—
Those masks which veil the face of ball-room guest,
The Master of the Dance from off each one will
wrest.

MAN, KNOW THYSELF

DENILLION

Man, know thyself—the secret thought, Which flits and flutters through thy darkened mind,

The sin-wrought fetters which enslave and bind—Man, know thyself.

Man, know thyself—the prize that's sought
Is graven deep upon thy silent soul,
Locked in thy heart's recesses is the goal—
Man, know thyself.

Man, know thyself—the God-born deeds,
The evil actions—offspring of the night,
The fangs of conscience which snap and bite—
Man, know thyself.

Man, know thyself—the motley creeds
Are but reflections of some greater beings,
The clothes, changing beggars foul to kings and
queens—

Man, know thyself.

Man, know thyself—strip from thyself
The borrowed garb of hypocrites and read
The record of thy soul devoid of creed—
Man, know thyself.

SOWING AND MOWING

'Arduous is the sowing, weary work and long, 'Arduous is the mowing, man must needs be strong, But whate'er man soweth springeth up and grows, And man always moweth the crops of seeds he sows.

Sowing prickly thistles, mowing them again,
Sowing reckless pleasure, mowing grief and pain.
If the seeds of sin you sow,
You will reap the crop of woe,
Thistles sow, and thistles mow,
Prickly harvesting, you know.

Sow the grain of goodly deeds,
Scatter happiness around,
Wheat will choke the few stray weeds
And they'll wither in the ground,
If the seeds of Love you sow,
Love's rich harvest you will mow.

And you cannot idly stand, You must lend a helping hand, You have but the choice of seeds, Goodly grain or thistly weeds, Though 'tis easier weeds to sow, Weeds are harder far to mow, Sow the goodly grains of wheat, And your mowing will be sweet.

nillio

DO YOUR PART

If you know a word of gladness,
That might cheer an aching heart,
Say it—drive away the sadness,
And in life you've done your part.

If an angry thought you cherish,
Let it from your mem'ry slip,
And the still-born word will perish,
Freeze upon your tight-drawn lip.

Choke the weeds of anger's sowing,

Let the sunshine of your heart

Shine on wheat of Love's own growing,

And in life you've done your part.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR

Enlibelio

No tap of drum, no bugle note,
No glint of gun or sabre,
Nor prancing steed, nor martial coat,
Proclaims the Knights of Labor;
But beat of hearts, and growl of throats,
The glint of picks and shovels,
Sore bleeding feet, and ragged coats,
And dingy dismal hovels.

The mothers sit in dumb despair,
Their eyes and breasts run dry;
While hungry on their bosoms bare
The moaning infants lie;
The children, thin and hollow-eyed,
Forsake their games and play,
And, huddling to their mothers' side,
For crusts of bread they pray.

With grief-wrung curses, and with prayers,
The fathers beg for bread.
What cruel disappointment theirs!
They get a stone instead.

DEPILLIO And slowly to their dismal huts They drag their weary feet, Where Poverty in tatters struts, Where Death lurks in the street. In the east the dawn is breaking; Blood red and in sullen wrath The great sun of Justice rises, Right and freedom in her path, Death and Hunger, like the morn mists, Melt away before her eyes, And the curses, cries and heartaches Blossom into songs of praise. No tap of drum, no bugle note, Proclaims the Knights of Labor, But bleeding feet and ragged coat,

And neighbor's love for neighbor.

THE EMIGRANT'S DREAM

DENILLION

I can see the smoke curl upwards from the little straw-thatched cot,

And the tiny modest garden, with its sweet forgetme-not,

I can hear the mill-wheel clapping, and the jolly miller's song;

I can feel the mountain breezes as they lightly dance along.

Oh—the cottage and the flowers,

Oh—the cooling country showers,

Oh—the shady nooks and bowers, In the country of my birth.

I can see the ploughman trudging slowly to his daily toil,

I can hear the harrow jolting as it turns the loamy soil,

I can hear the trees a-rustling, and the birds a-singing sweet,

I can feel the modest daisy and the cowslip kiss my feet.

Oh—the meadows and the clover,

Oh—the partridge and the plover,

Oh—the rustic maid and lover, In the country of my birth.



I can see my dear old mother sitting on the garden seat,

I can hear her softly singing simple songs of child-hood sweet,

I can feel her tender kisses, warm and loving on my cheek,

Hear her "Good-night" and "God bless you"—
"Now, my darling, go to sleep."

Oh—the little cottage settle,

Oh—the singing steaming kettle,

Oh—the puffing black-smoked kettle, In the country of my birth.

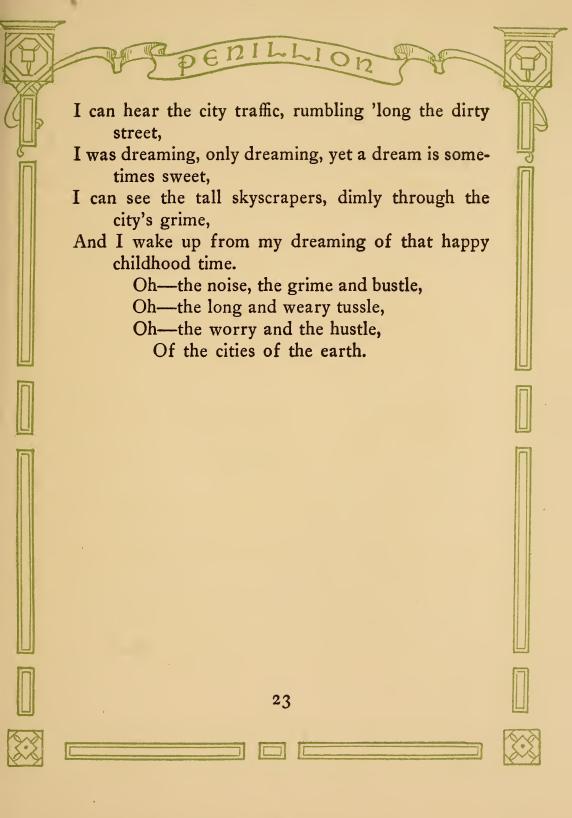
I can see the little table, covered with our humble fare,

I can see my father coming, with his arms all brown and bare,

I can see the children running towards him for a kiss and ride,

And they climb upon his shoulders, clamber round his back so wide.

Oh—those happy childhood hours, 'Mongst the butterflies and flowers, In the sunny April showers, In my country full of mirth.



nihhlio **FRIENDS** Friends—when the sun is shining, Friends—when your face is bright, Friends—when they're with you dining, Friends-when all goes right, Friends—when the world is yours, Friends—when you've got your pile, But the "Friendship of Friends" endures; Just wait awhile. Clouds may gather round you— The sun may hide its face, The wheels of fate may grind you In their remorseless race. And your money and health may vanish, It is then that you'll weigh a "Friend,"

For even though Hope be banished, He'll stick to you right to the end.

And it's Friends when the sun is not shining, Yes—it's Friends when the smile disappears, It's Friends when you're ailing and pining, And your days are but hours of tears, It's Friends when grim Poverty presses, And your lone and last dollar is spent; But beware of "Proud Plenty's" caresses, Find a true Friend and be content!



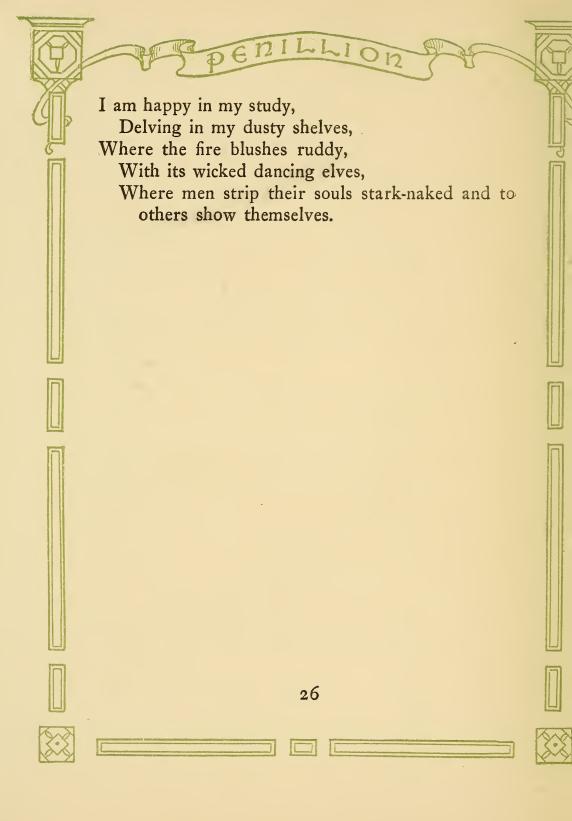
THE SONG OF THE BOOK-WORM

Let the soldier pine for glory,
On the blood-stained battle-ground,
Where the flag flies limp and gory,
Where the bullets patter round,
Where the wounded and the dying, and the
mangled dead are found.

Let the merchant dream of riches,
In the markets of the east,
Fickle fortune man bewitches,
With her gaudy empty feast,
Oh—the lying of the buying—where the greatest
crush the least.

O'er the heaving restless deep,
Where the winds are sadly smiling,
Where the dark storm spirits sleep.
Where the monstrous shark and whale swim—
and the flying-fishes leap.





WE CHEER FOR THE SOLDIER

Enillion

We cheer for the soldier who leaves for the fight, We dub him a hero that's battling for right, But the grey-headed mother, forgotten, forlorn, Her eyes dimmed with tears, her heart bruised and torn,

Returns to her cottage, in silent despair, A grey-headed mother, a son's vacant chair.

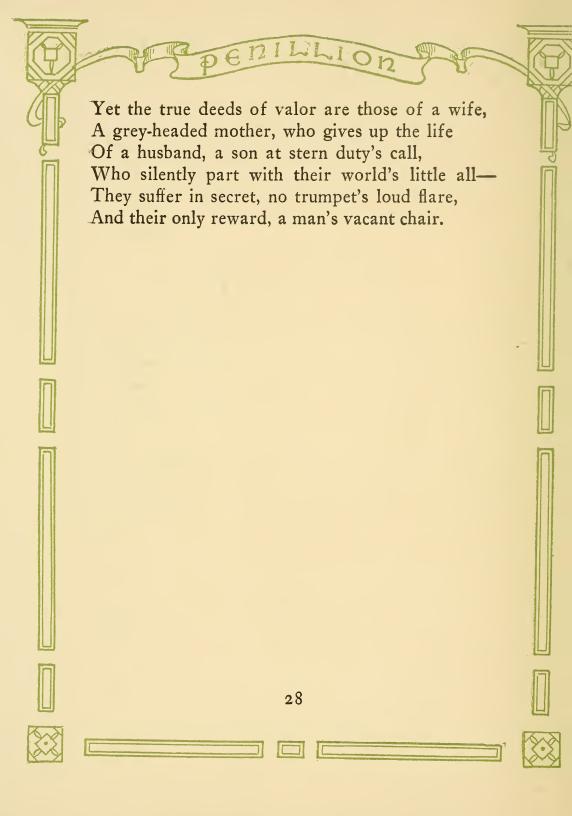
We talk of the honor the soldier has won, How he wielded his sword and handled his gun, But the hollow-eyed wife, she sits and she weeps, The babe in the cradle, it wakes and it sleeps, The hollow-eyed wife, and the poor, scanty fare, The wee prattling babe, and a man's vacant chair.

We tell of the valor our soldier has shown, How he fought with the foe, unaided, alone, How they found him when dead, still grasping his sword,

But the wife, babe and mother, we leave to the Lord,

And the mother and wife, they kneel down in prayer,

With their arms clasped around a man's vacant chair.



PENILLION

YOUR MOTHER

The world stands by you when you're up,
Deserts you when you're down;
Alone you drain the bitter cup,
Alone you face the frown.

No, not alone, for one remains,
Whatever may befall,
Your mother shares your griefs and pains,
A mother's true through all.

Your mother's love will never fade, A mother's heart ne'er fails, In rain or shine, in sun or shade, Her motherhood prevails.

Remember, though her hair turn gray,
And dim become her eye,
That once she watched you at your play,
And kissed your tears all dry.

And though she now is old and weak,
Her love still lives for you,
You'll never find, though far you seek,
A soul so dear and true.

GOD'S MERCY

ENILLION

The heavens, the sea, the earth rejoice, God's mercy e'er prevails;
Hark to the dulcet voice
Of flower-scented gales;
The sun, the moon, the stars and birds
Hymn their sweet song,
Mercy prevails, right conquers wrong—
God's mercy e'er prevails.

The earth drinks eager of the rain,
God's mercy e'er prevails;
The golden God-sent grain
Gilds all the hills and dales;
The star-eyed flowers, the bursting buds,
The rill-pierced lea sing tenderly—
God's mercy e'er prevails,
God's mercy e'er prevails.

O! blessed are the pure in heart,
For they their God shall see,
Who guards us all so tenderly.
He giveth to his children peace;
Though dark the night
Joy cometh with the morn;
God's mercy e'er prevails,
God's mercy e'er prevails.

THY WORD ENDURETH

EMILLIO

The splendor of kings and the pomp of a nation Soon fade like a flower and die ere the night, For where the chill breath of the tomb breathes upon them,

The splendor and pomp are as rags in our sight,—

The frail rope "Mortality," Death's blow will sever, But the word of the Lord it endureth forever.

The glitter of gold and the sparkle of jewels

Both pass when the brightness of daylight has
fled,

The lustre of riches, when Death blows upon them,
Is darkened and dull as the eye of the dead—
The frail rope "Mortality," Death's blow will sever,
But the word of the Lord it endureth forever.

The voice of the ruler, the sway of his sceptre,
Are sunken and hid in the seas of the past,
The thrones of the monarchs, who lorded creation,
Are withered and fallen 'neath Time's biting
blast—

The frail rope "Mortality," Death's blow will sever, But the word of the Lord it endureth forever.

'TIS DARKEST ERE THE DAWN

ENILLION

'Tis darkest ere the dawn,
The blinding mists are thickest
Just as the day is born.

'Tis darkest ere the dawn,
The blinking stars go out,
The moon sets pale and worn.

'Tis darkest ere the dawn,
The mourning robes of dying night
'Around its corpse are drawn.

'Tis darkest ere the dawn!

The sunlight bursts bright o'er the hills,
'Another day is born.

Oh—were it not for dreary dark how could one love the light,

A man must taste of sorrow, to cherish joy aright, So when the world is dreary, and lonely and forlorn,

Let not your heart grow weary, "'Tis darkest ere the dawn."

SONG OF LOVE

DILLION

In the sweetest strains of music,
Notes of discord sometimes sound,
In our joys however perfect,
Sorrow's flaws are often found.

Sometimes in the brightest sunshine, Little clouds bedim the sun, And through our great successes Threads of failure often run.

When the heart is at its gayest,
Often comes the pang of pain,
When the sun is shining brightest,
Falls at times a shower of rain.

In this changing world of ours,
Joy is tinged with sorrow's gloom,
Thorns spring up among the flowers,
Life's o'ershadowed by the tomb.

Love alone can heal the thorn-pricks.

Love alone can ease the pain,

Love can set the heart a-singing,

Both in sunshine and in rain.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

ENILLIO

For the sunshine and the rain, Bringing plenty in their train, For the goodly golden grain, We thank thee, Lord.

For our vic'tries o'er the foe, We our gratitude would show, For the tyrants' overthrow, We thank thee, Lord.

For the absence of disease,
Loving care on land and seas,
Priceless gifts are such as these,
We thank thee, Lord.

Father, grant thy children peace, May thy people's love increase, Cruel, sinful warfare cease, We pray thee, Lord.

Guide our weak and faltering feet To thy loving Mercy-seat, Give thy children manna sweet, We pray thee, Lord. God, Creator, Lord, and King, To a father we would bring A childish lay of offering, Oh—Father, hear.

SUMMER IN THE CITY

Sunshine mocks one on the street,
Tired eye and burning feet,
Blue skies laugh from overhead,
At the sun-burned city bred,
Hurry scurry

Hurry, scurry,
Bustle, hustle,
Always moving until dead.

Clanging bell and tooting horn Ringing ever in one's ear, Office hastening in the morn, Homeward in the evening seer,

Hurry, flurry,
Hustle, bustle,
Never rest—until the bier.

WHAT A MOCKERY IS CHRISTMAS

DEPILLION

What a mockery is Christmas

To the poor who bite a crust,
With its songs of cheer and plenty,
With its good-will, peace and trust.

What a mockery is Christmas

To the suffering, silent throng,
With its bells of love a-chiming,
With its merry gladsome song.

What a mockery is Christmas,
With its holly bright and red,
When the hearth is dark and dreary,
And the embers cold and dead.

What a mockery is Christmas,
With its words of joy and cheer,
When the heart is slowly breaking,
And the eyes are dimmed with tears.

What a mockery is Christmas,
When the children cry for bread,
When the Christmas bells are ringing,
And we stand above our dead.

Merry Christmas—Joyous Christmas,

Merry Christmas—Joyous Christmas,
"Peace on earth, Good-will toward men,"
When the weak and poor are falling,
'Tis but hollow mockery, then.

CAN DEATH DEMAND?

She is dead, they say,
And those eyes that shone,
Are lustrous and glazed,
And her smile is gone;
And the hand she raised
Is lifeless clay.

But for me she lives, And those eyes still shine, That smile and hand Are forever mine; For can Death demand The gift God gives?

P.Enillion

MY MOTHER

No jewels sparkle in her hair,
No roses blush upon her cheek,
A host of women are more fair,
But none less selfish, none as meek,
I would not change her for another,
My first love and my last—my mother.

Her hair is turned to silver grey,
That once was black as raven wing,
When round her knees I used to play,
While she in baby rhymes would sing,
I would not change her for another,
My first love and my last—my mother.

Her eye is dim, and bowed her head,
All wrinkled is that dear white face,
But none may reign in mother's stead,
For none can fill a mother's place;
I would not change her for another
My first love and my last—my mother.

ENILLION And though that voice has lost its ring, And faltering are those weary feet, She still to me does ofttimes sing While at her side I take my seat: I would not change her for another, My first love and my last—my mother. And when I hear her croon those rhymes, I wander back to childhood day, And dream about those happy times As through my hair her fingers stray; And yet those wrinkles on her face, That tear-dimm'd eye, that silver hair, Enhance my mother's magic grace, Endowing her with beauty rare. I would not change her for another, My first love and my last-my mother.

PENILLION

GOD'S ANGEL

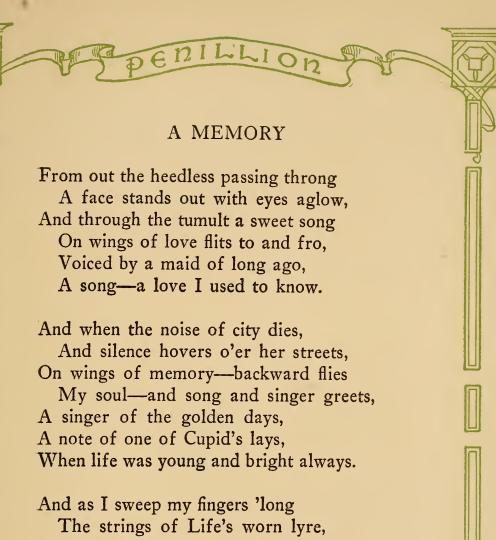
God's angel Death—not angel of the sword, Not angel to be feared—but to be loved, adored, Not angel of the darkness, but angel of the light, An angel of God's loving holy night.

God's angel Death, the angel with the kiss, The angel, bearing man across the wide abyss Which stretches 'twixt eternity and time, The angel of the heavenly and sublime.

God's angel Death—ye righteous do not fear, Why do ye tremble when blest Death is near, For on the wings of Death, from earth you fly, To dwell with angels, saints and God most high.

God's angel Death, an angel from above, Descends to earth and with God's key of love Unlocks the gates of time, yea of eternity, And throws them open wide to all humanity.





And as I sweep my fingers 'long
The strings of Life's worn lyre,
I strike a note of love's sweet song,
Which sets my heart afire,
Above the harsh discordant notes,
The harmony of childhood floats,
Then broken lies Life's lyre.

LAUGHING SUNSHINE

Laughing sunshine, tell me true, With a laugh should mortal woo? Is your laughter Cupid's art Made to steal a flower's heart? Laughing sunshine, tell me true, With a laugh should mortal woo?

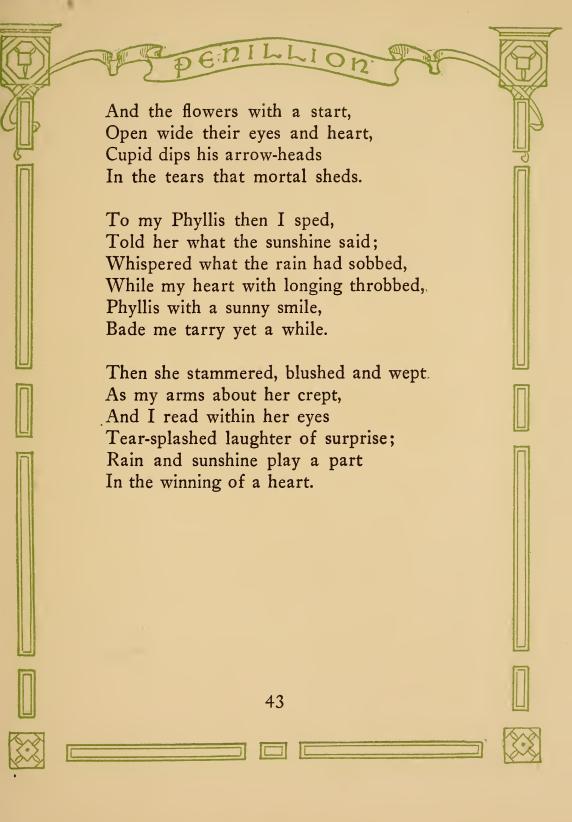
O'er the hills and dales I trip, Laughter dripping from my lip, And the flowers in surprise, Open wide their modest eyes; If you'd win a maiden's heart, Wing with laughter Cupid's dart.

Pattering rain-drops, tell me true, With a tear should mortal woo? Is it with a sob of pain That the flower's heart you gain? Pattering rain-drops, tell me true, With a tear should mortal woo?

Softly stealing over all, With a sob of love we fall,









CUPID'S CHOICE

When love steps in then resolutions flee,
No chooser of a mate can mortal be,
Man thinks he chooses—Love looks on with glee,
The maiden blushes—for she knows that she
Is but a target for the dart of Cupid wee.

The parson may in marriage couples bind,
But if Love has not paired the twain, now mark and
mind,

The days will teem with wranglings and with words unkind,

For Love alone can couple rightly—Love though blind,

And coupled once by Love—two always one we find.

So in my resolutions of the new-born year,
I let the choice of thee not as my own appear,
For only Cupid is infallible down here,
And he chose you for me and me for you, my dear,
And this is why the future has for me no fear.





THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART

Love is the language of the heart,
And all may learn who will,
For from all tongues it stands apart;
A glance—a smile—well, that's a start,
A kiss, that's further still.

It has no alphabet at all,

No words to spell or speak,

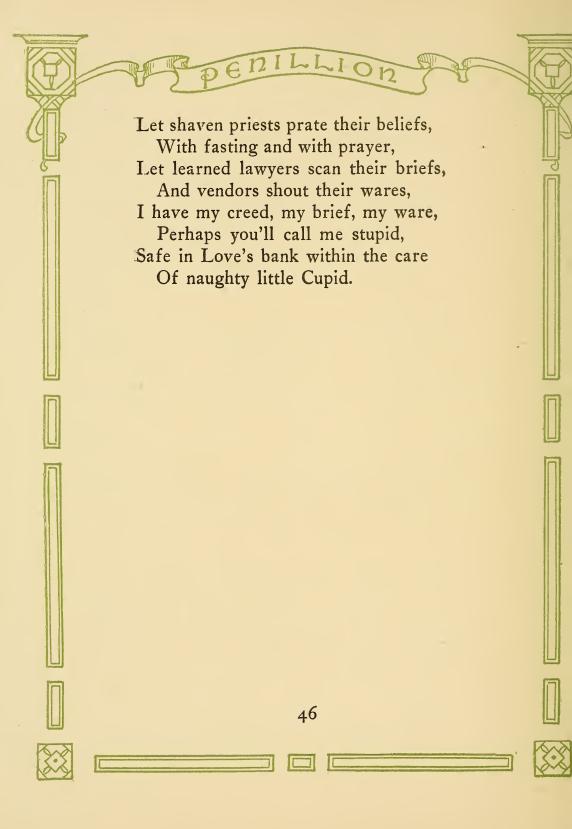
A wink—a nod—a silent call,

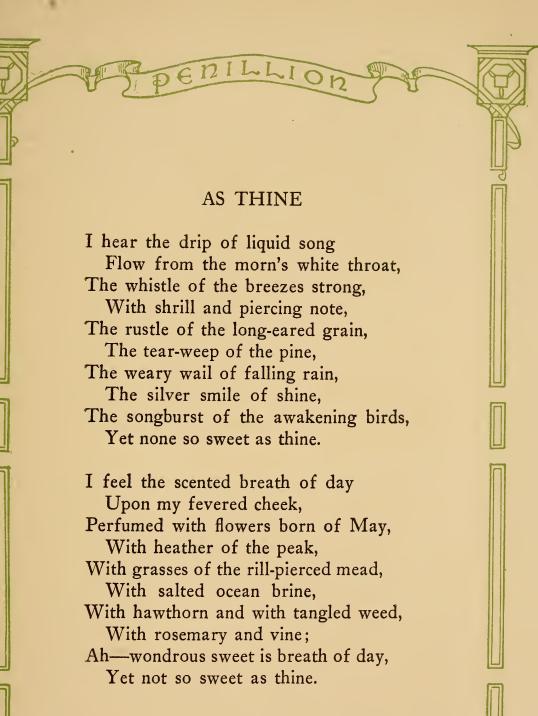
The language of the street, the ball,

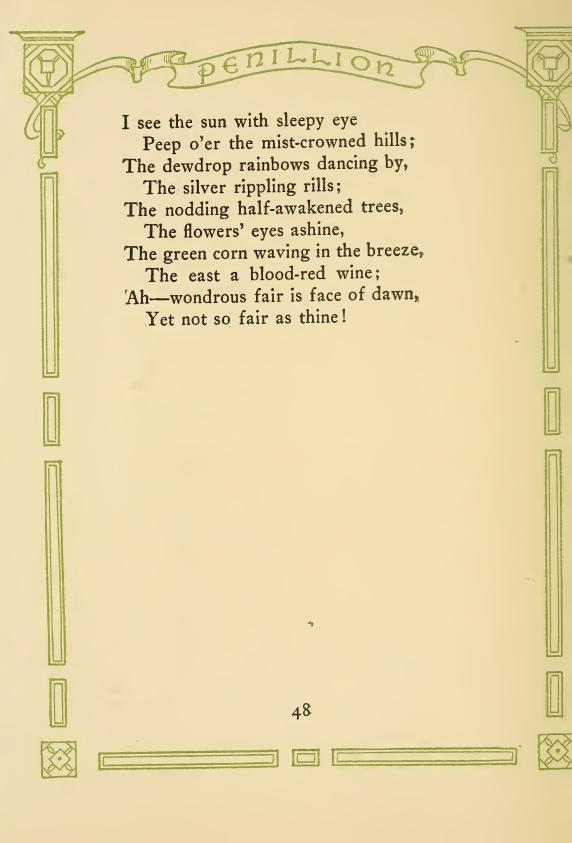
Of mortals strong and weak.

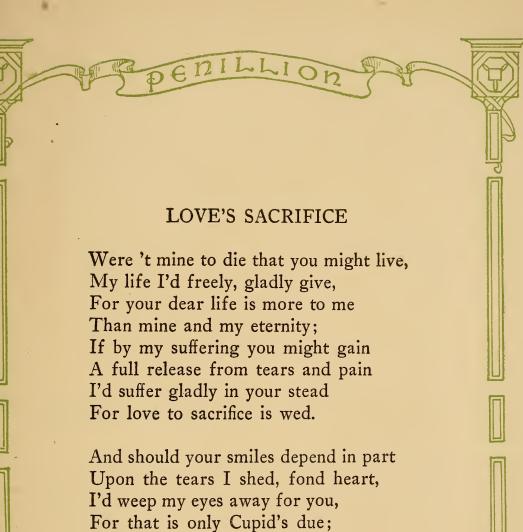
It is so universal, too,
Is found in every land,
And all in love's sweet language woo,
From Christian white to dark Hindoo,
And all can understand.

A smile, a kiss, a fond caress,
A hand that tender grips,
A sigh—a tear—now you can guess,
That love is nothing more nor less
Than something of the lips.









And should your smiles depend in part
Upon the tears I shed, fond heart,
I'd weep my eyes away for you,
For that is only Cupid's due;
So should my sufferings be the way,
That Love has chosen for to-day!
Well, let Love come—who'll say her nay?
Willing I'm sad, if you are gay.

"BOY CUPID"

nILLIO

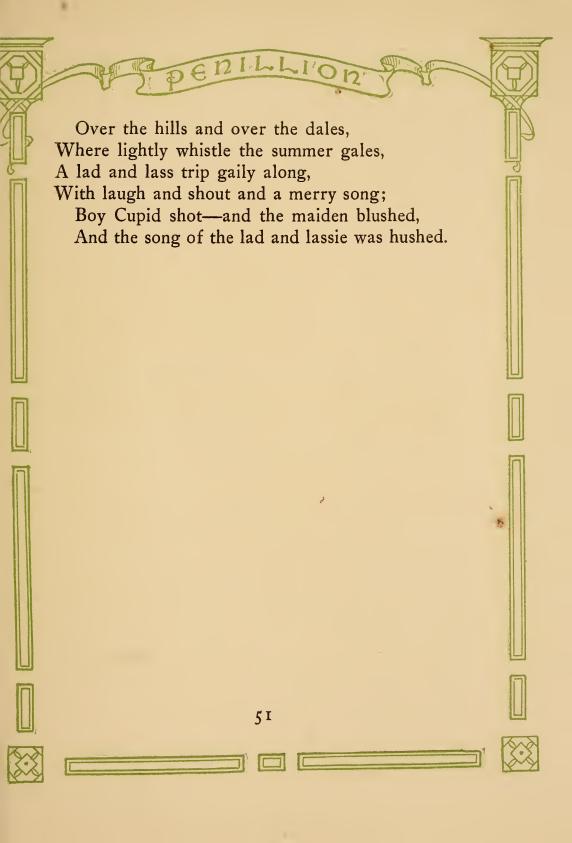
Over the hills and over the dales,
Where the morning blushes—the evening pales,
Where the thrush and black-bird sing their song,
Where the playful lambkins bound along;
Boy Cupid scampers through daisy-flecked grasses,
And lets loose his arrows at all—as he passes.

Over the hills and over the dales, Where the rain-storm shrieks and the wild wind wails,

Where the frog croaks sad in the dismal swamp
To the "Will-o-the-Wisp"—the marsh-god's lamp;
Boy Cupid scampers through bog-grown grasses
And lets loose his arrows at all—as he passes.

Over the hills and over the dales,
Where the dew falls thick—and the grey mist trails,
Where the wild-born flow'r—the child of fate,
With nodding head, beckons to its mate;
Boy Cupid scampers through dew-soaked grasses

And lets loose his arrows at all—as he passes.



THE GARDEN OF EDEN

ENILLIO

When Eden was smiling with blossoms and bird, Before thorns and thistles were grown, Poor Adam felt worried, for Eve said "Absurd, I've no clothes I can call my own!"

And try as they would, they couldn't devise

How to make a new dress or a cape,

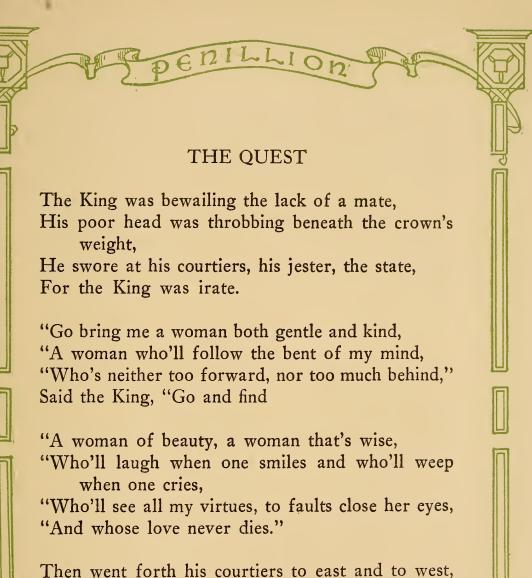
So they munched at the apple and straightway grew wise,

And with leaves both their bodies did drape.

Then the Lord drove them out from Eden so bright,
And an angel he placed at the gate,
But Cupid—sly devil—he slipped out one night,
And hurried to Eve and her mate.

And Adam grew merry—and Eve became gay,
When they heard the sweet singing of Cupid,
And vowed that the world was not slow anyway,
Though Eden was frightfully stupid.

You ladies—Eve's thoughts have always retained, Now, please don't go off in a passion, For if Eve inside Eden had always remained, Your clothes would be all out of fashion.



Then went forth his courtiers to east and to west, To north and to south, on their womanward quest, They searched high and low with true courtierly zest,

Without sleep, without rest.

Their efforts were vain for not one could they find Who'd follow the bent of the King's crooked mind, Who was neither too forward nor too much behind, With all virtues combined.

DEPILLION

The King grew to brooding, he wept and he sighed, And his royal heart broke and lonely he died, And none but his courtiers and fool for him cried Through his kingdom so wide.

MORAL

There are men in this world, and men less than kings,

Who wait for a woman who wears angel's wings,
But woman's a woman—faults and virtues she
brings

To both beggars and kings.

AUTUMN

Sweet summer like a tired maiden hastes away,
And Autumn once again reigns in her stead,
Lengthening the nights, and slowly shortening day,
Forerunner of the winter—season of the dead;
The flowers droop and fade, and yellow grow the
leaves

Wizen and fall before the cold grown blast;
The farmer garners home the standing sheaves,
The trees toss round their naked arms—aghast,
The swallows, broken-hearted, take their distant
flight,

Poor Nature lays aside her broken harp,
The sun behind dark clouds hides out of sight,
And winds, like birds of prey with talons sharp,
Around the stiffening corpse of Nature shriek and
fight,

Then winter comes and hides her in a shroud of white.

A PRAYER

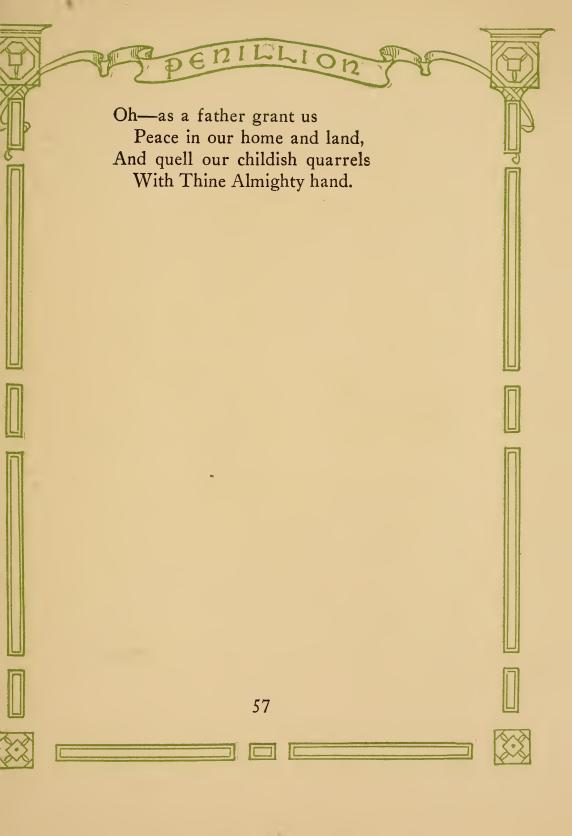
Jehovah of the Thunders,—
Who flings the lightning dart,
List to our supplication,
And open wide Thine Heart.

Let bloodshed cease forever,
Send forth Thy mighty word,
Strike dumb the roaring cannon,
And blunt the biting sword.

Lord of the poor and lowly,
And Father to us all,
We bow before Thee humbly,
God, hearken to our call.

Lord, smite the hounds of warfare,
For bloodshed then must cease;
List to our supplications,
And give Thy people peace.

Controller of the whirlwinds, Creator, Lord and King, 'Tis to Thee as a father We all our troubles bring.

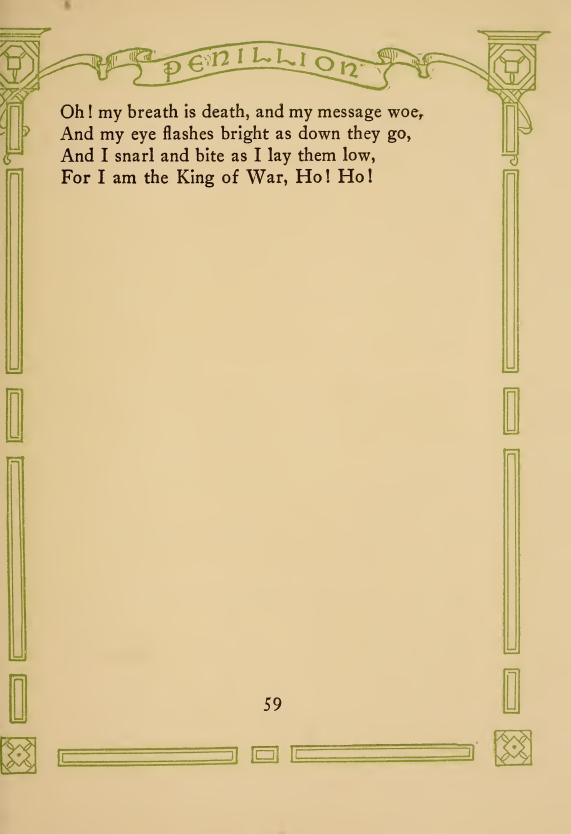


THE RIFLE'S REFRAIN

I sputter and spit at the coming foe,
I let loose my bullets, and down they go,
With my biting breath on their ranks I blow,
I chuckle with mirth as I lay them low,
I chuckle with mirth as I lay them low,
And my bullets rattle as down they go,
Oh! my breath is death, and my message woe,
For the Rifle's the King of War, Ho! Ho!

They gaze in awe at my staring eye,
It flashes fire—they turn to fly,
But they meet my glance, and they fall and die,
For the King of War and of Death am I,
Yes! the King of War and of Death am I.
With my biting breath, and my blazing eye,
The lone women weep and the children cry,
And the warriors fall when my bullets fly.

Oh! I'm King of all in the bloody fight, I deal out Death both to left and right, The soldier trembles, and his face turns white, When he hears my snarl, when he feels my bite.





THE OLD SOLDIER'S DEATH

Help me to the window, Mary, I can hear the tramp of feet;

I can hear the bugle calling, I can hear the drummer's beat;

I can see the ranks a-forming, see the Colonel riding by;

Help me to the window, Mary, I must see them ere I die.

Hark! the bugle shrill is calling, quick—I must get into line,

Get me out my regimentals, give my dirty shoes a shine,

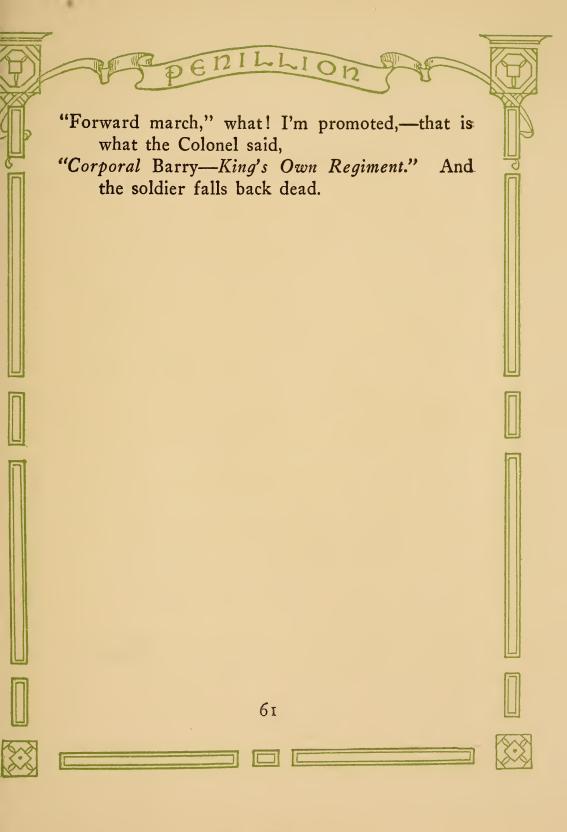
Polish up my sword and rifle, I must look both smart and neat,

Strap my knapsack on my shoulders, don't you hear the march of feet?

I am ready, "whoa boys, steady," what's the matter, Mary mine?

"Private Barry," that's my name, sir—"Shoulder arms and fall in line."





THE SONG OF THE FLAG

ENILLION

I have waved o'er the bright sunny isles,
I have waved o'er the far frozen north,
Where the ocean is dimpled with smiles,
Where the bellowing winds issue forth,
Where the sun stares and glares o'er the plain,
Where the iceberg keeps watch o'er the deep,
Where the black naked savage has lain,
Where the lean polar bears skulk and creep.

I have waved o'er the meadows so green,
I have waved o'er the red carnage ground,
Where the frisking lambs' frolics are seen,
And where cold, cruel death stalks around,
Where the daisies and sweet cowslips grow,
Where the mangled and dead lie in heaps,
Where the flow'r-scented soft breezes blow,
Where the foul vulture gorges and sleeps.

I have waved o'er the battleship grim,
I have waved o'er the merchantman swift,
Where the gulls o'er the heaving waves skim,
Where the thick and dank mists never lift,

I have waved o'er the storm-battered wreck, As she sank 'neath the turbulent wave, I have lain on the white silent deck, 'Round the corpse of a sea-beaten brave.

I have waved o'er the bright festive board,
I have waved o'er the chamber of death,
Where clink of the glass drown'd clank of sword,
Where an aged brave battled for breath;
Where loud revelry's riot resounds,
Where the rattle of death fills the room;
I have waved over pleasure's fair grounds,
I have waved o'er the dark sullen tomb.

Who calls me a rag? I'm your flag!

Though I'm tattered, dirty and torn,
Who calls me a rag? I'm your flag!

The banner of liberty born,
With liberty's fire aflame,

My glittering stars light the gloom,
The "STARS AND STRIPES" is my name!

My raising was slavery's doom.

THE IRON DUKE

The eve of Waterloo, darkness and silence hover o'er the camp,

No fires' ruddy glow with crackling flame and flying spark,

Makes music in the soldier's ears, or paints the dingy dark—

No eye is greeted by the sputtering, flickering lamp;

The blinking winking stars o'erhead, beneath the sentry's steady tramp,

The silent challenge and the weary sleeping camp— Yet, to the right a lamp burns bright

In a young lieutenant's tent, and beneath the light he sits to write;

Hands trembling, body bent,

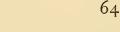
With beating heart and tear-dimmed eye,

Above the sputtering lamp,

While on the ground an order lies—

"No lights-show-in the camp."

Then a shadow slim throws its outline dim,
But the beardless boy writes on,
And a face set grim bends over him,
And the Duke reads these words of a son:







"To you, Mother dear, I write to-night,
To show that I think of you;
To-morrow I enter my first real fight,
It may be my last, Mother, too.
But should I die, remember, that I
Have died for home and for you,
Your tears God will dry, dear Mother, good-by,
Here's a kiss from your boy so true."

And a falling tear stained the written note,
And blotted the name of the lad;
Then a voice which brought his heart to his throat,
Said sternly: "This postscript add."
The boy turned round and before him found
The Duke standing stern and cold.
His heart gave a bound, but without a sound
He saluted and did just as told.
"Sit down and write," said the Iron Duke,
And in tears the trembling son
Without a backward glance or look
Wrote these words of Wellington:

"At the break of day I'll be led away,
To be shot at the Duke's command,
For orders I dared to disobey"—
Wrote the boyish trembling hand;



And he folded the note, a lump in his throat,
And saluting with never a word,
Gave up the letter which he wrote,
And the soldier's pride—his sword—
A last salute, so still and so mute,
And the Duke stepped into the night,
With face pale and drawn, the boy waits for dawn,
And blows out the flickering light.

And darkness and silence brood black and still, And the sluggish hours creep by,

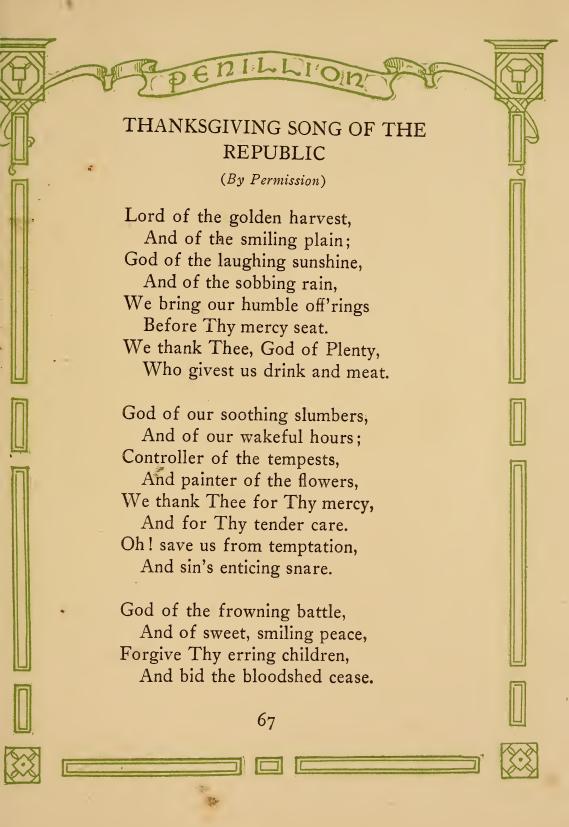
Then the sun rises blood-red over the hill, And they lead him out to die.

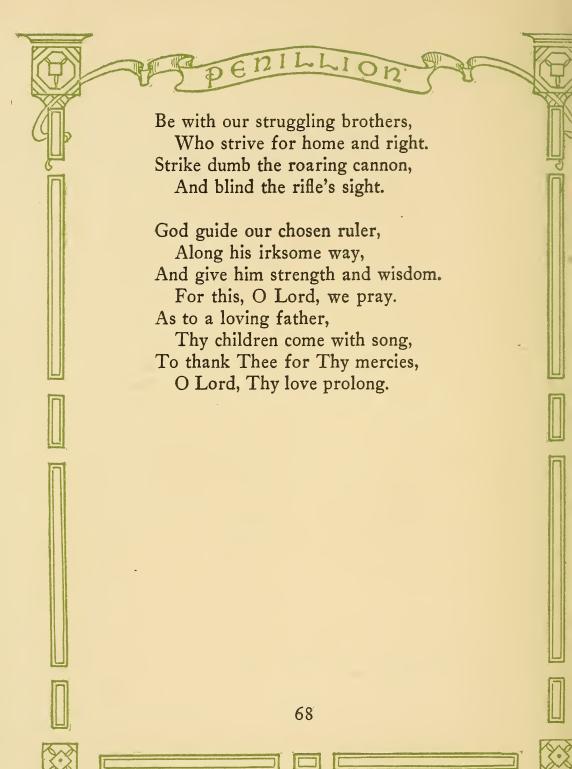
A puff of smoke, a mother's heart broke, A gush and a rush of blood,

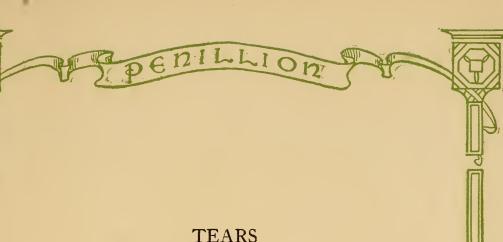
The oozing wound and the upturned mound,
The limp, lifeless clay where the young boy had
stood;—

The bugle's blast and the marching past,
And the song of a soul as it flew
From the stern rebuke of the Iron Duke,
And a cruel Waterloo.









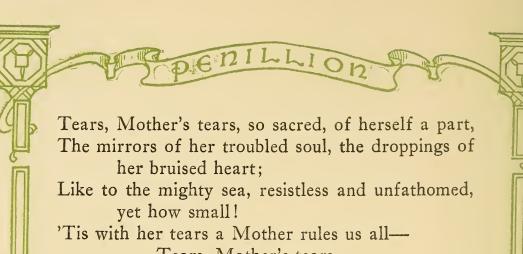
Tears, tears, they gently fall and quickly disappear; Mere tokens of some joy, some grief, some passing fear.

As dewdrops melt below the sun's bright ray, So tears they quickly come, yet quickly pass away— Tears, idle tears.

Tears, childish tears, caused by some infant freak, The vain attempt of babyish hearts to speak; Maybe some broken toy gives rise to grief; And to a child, tears, what relief!— Tears, childish tears.

Tears, lover's tears, tears shed in secret, Cupid's to11-

So bright as down a maiden's cheek they roll; With artful tears the maid her lover cold beguiles, But quickly kisses turn them into smiles— Tears, lover's tears.



Tears, Mother's tears.

Tears, hopeless tears, tears which the proud can't hide—

Tears which o'erwhelm a mortal like the seething tide—

Tears which grim death can never dry, eternal tears are these;

And when Time's chariot's rolled away these tears will then not cease—

Tears, hopeless tears.

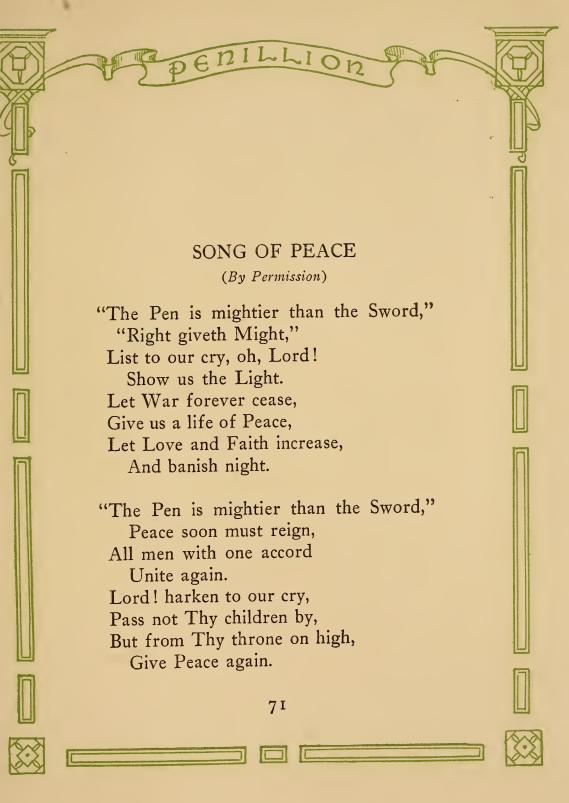
Tears, Jesus' tears, how human, how divine! His heavenly eyes have seen, have fathomed thine; And now with outstretched arms He calls thee to his breast,

Where tears shall never flow, but there eternal rest—

The Godman smiles.



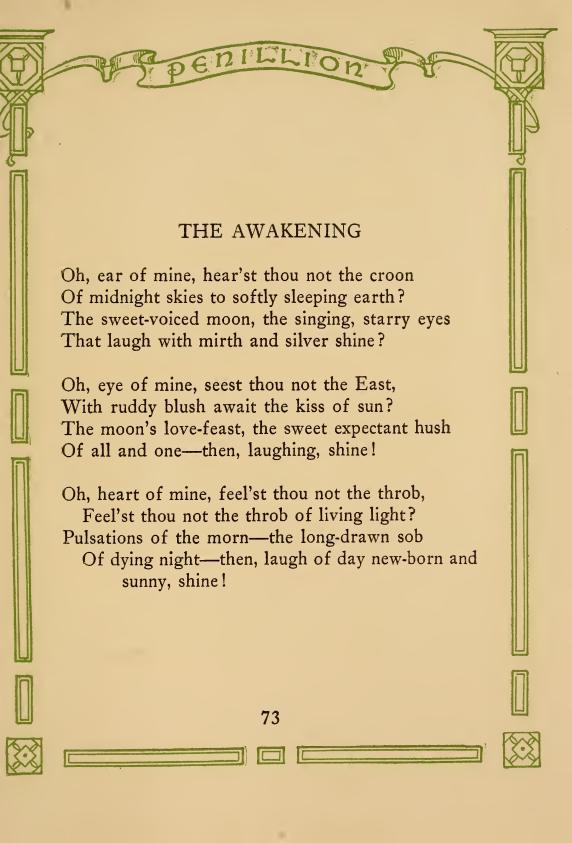


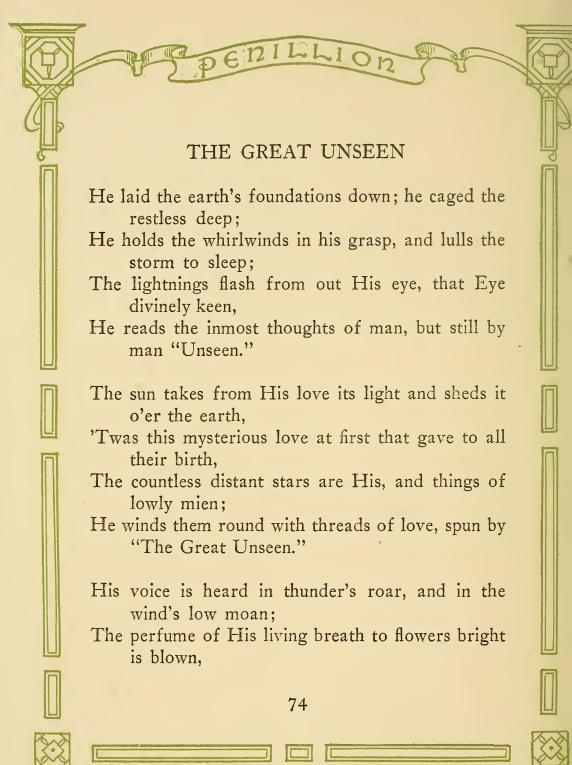


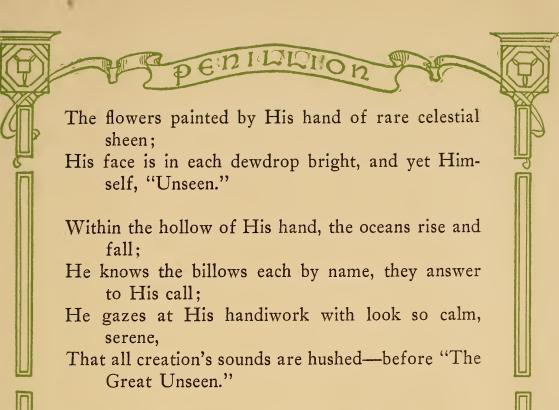
"The Pen is mightier than the Sword,"
Bloodshed must cease,
Give us forever, Lord,
Love, Joy and Peace.
In Thee we put our trust,
Jehovah, great and just.
The sword and spear shall rust,
Warfare must cease.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword,"
Great God above,
Send forth Thy mighty word

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword,"
Great God above,
Send forth Thy mighty word
Of Truth and Love.
We now before Thee fall,
Oh! harken to our call,
True brothers are we all—
Give Peace, oh, Lord!







The overflowing font of love, eternally the same, Love, Love, His attribute divine, and Love, Jehovah's name,

Upon His mighty outstretched arm, the countless worlds all lean,

Are led through boundless space by Him, their Father, "The Unseen."







